

CERTAIN FLOWERS

Certain flowers fold in
upon themselves at night,
and we interpret this
as something physical;
this way all problems reconcile
themselves, like flowers, to darkness.

Petal upon petal flowers
hold in their sight: it is
the night, we say, as though
night-time in itself
was something to be feared—
clearly the problem, if it dares
to answer us, is overawed
by this superiority
of insight and of brain.

It is another question
that I cannot answer
and, finding there's so little
to be said, I have begun
to study flowers: I have evolved
a way of covering my head
withdrawing slowly, hour by hour,
from stem and stamen to
the near-forgotten seed.

But even this begets a need:
for at the heat of noon I'll find
I am withdrawing from the sun
and slipping headlong to
some cellar underground.
Someday someone will be around
to talk with me and, finding
that I am not there, will make
arrangements for my funeral.

Edwin Brock.